

A Dying Woman

by Izzy

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Summary: A dying Aeryn relates the fate of Moya.

A Dying Woman

Izzy here, with "A Dying Woman", what will probably end up being my first Farscape fanfic. This wrote itself in Chem class. It's kinda depressing, from Aeryn's point of view. Henson owns Farscape, I own the story.

****A Dying Woman ****

****By Izzy****

I had been on board Moya for nearly four cycles when we learned we were all going to die.

It had started when Rygel began coughing. When Zhaan examined him, she discovered he had an incurable disease, which would eventually kill him. And it was likely the rest of us had it as well. She examined all of us, and we all did.

The disease was spread from Leviathan to Leviathan, and could remain dormant for many cycles, sometimes hundreds. When it awoke, it only became infectious for a very short period, but it would infect anyone on board during that time. Then the disease would not spread, but would slowly kill. It took different amounts of time for each species. According to what we knew, Hynerians could live a couple of cycles with the disease, Delvians could live about 20 cycles, Luxans about 35, and Sebeceans nearly 100 cycles. The Leviathan itself could live about 50 cycles after the virus awoke. We weren't able to tell how long Nebari or Humans could live.

It was very shortly the day after we learned our upcoming fate, John told me he loved me, and though we might no longer have all the time in universe (and we wouldn't have had much more time than we did in

the end), he wanted to make the most of what time we did have. We had become subdued, somewhat depressed, knowing we would die. But John was determined to rise out of his depression, and he pulled me out of mine.

It was odd. We were all going to die, and I had never been happier.

I think we helped the others recover as well by setting an example. Except Rygel; for him that seemed simply impossible. According to Zhaan, he had less than a cycle to live. I actually felt sorry for him, especially when he entered the terminal stages of the disease. He remained lucid to the end, as did all of us, but that was more a cruelty than anything else.

After Rygel died, for a while we were all weighted down almost completely with the knowledge that we would be next. Then I learned I was pregnant.

Zhaan assured us the disease would not be passed on to our child, and John proposed. And once again we were lifted out of our depression, and for several cycles the disease faded into the background. Our son, whom we named for Rygel, was born in perfect health. But when we tried to have a second child, we learned I had been sterilized by the disease.

It was a few cycles since one Rygel's death and the second's birth that I slowly started to realize something had changed between D'Argo and Zhaan. They had become closer. It took me some time to figure out they had become lovers. When and how it had happened they took to the grave. It is possible Chiana eventually learned, but if she did, she took it to the grave as well.

They finally became open about it when she started coughing, the first signs of the disease. He was hardly ever away from her side once she entered the terminal stages. I also think he was the last person to see her alive.

Unlike with him and Zhaan, we all knew very quickly when D'Argo and Chiana got involved six cycles later. She had no intention of hiding it. They were married quickly, and remained married for nearly eight cycles until he too fell victim to the disease.

Shortly after D'Argo's death we went through a wormhole. When we emerged from it, we discovered that many cycles travel would take us to Earth. We headed there. But by then Rygel was nearly 40, and had grown discontent living aboard Moya. He eventually took my old prowler and went off on his own. What happened to him I don't know. I hope he found happiness in life.

It was a little over a cycle after Rygel left that Chiana started coughing. Within five more cycles she was dead.

We were getting close to Earth when Moya began showing her own symptoms. And then John, who was now an old man, started coughing. When Pilot began to die we knew Moya was dying as well. He was nearly dead when we finally left Moya on John's module. We continued to head for Earth.

John entered the terminal stages two days into the journey. Somehow,

he held on, until we crashed, on Earth at last. John staggered out of the crashed module and collapsed. I got over to him. He told me he would be waiting for me, and then died. I was alone.

Sebeceans can live around 200 cycles, though Peacekeepers rarely live to be 50. I was middle-aged, and I knew John wanted me to live out the 50 cycles I had left.

I buried him, and wandered. I came across town and town, but I never again felt at home. Not without John, or my son, or Pilot and Moya, or D'Argo, or Zhaan, or even Chiana. I even missed old Rygel, though I hadn't thought about him for many cycles.

Seven and a half years ago, I began coughing. A few months after that, I began to lose my strength. I was officially took ill and bedridden about five years ago. My skin is yellow, my eyes are whitened, and I can barely speak.

I am now in the terminal stages of the disease. I am ready to die.

John is waiting for me.

End
file.